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# Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 1906

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## The Gipsy Camp.

Rambling over the common one fine day, Harry and his sister noticed a gipsy encampment just within the edge of the wood. On coming closer they saw a man lying on the ground, and near by an old woman stirring something in a great iron cooking-pot. A big untidy girl called out in a mocking voice, 'Say, young mister, want some dinner?'

Harry was startled by the rude tones, but he managed to say, 'Not to-day, thank you,' and, taking his sister's hand, they quickly made their way out of the wood.

Fifty years ago Epping Forest, near London, was a favorite resort of this neglected class, who became the terror of the district from their profane and vicious habits. Since then many efforts have been made to bring the Gospel to those 'dwellers in tents.' Tents which were once the scene of riot now resound with the song of praise, and men who once lived by all manner of dishonest practices now support themselves and their families by honest industry.

A lady once accompanied Dr. Guthrie to a gipsy encampment near Edinburgh. She says: 'I sent for the only stool amongst the tents as a seat for the doctor. The men and women all took places around him in the ordinary reclining or sitting postures. After a little pleasant conversation, Dr. Guthrie told them the story of "The Prodigal Son," and spoke to them upon God's love for sinners, sometimes addressing one, sometimes another. "I have six sons," the doctor said, "and I often ask myself this question. 'Could I love any one of them so well as to sacrifice him for Christ's sake?' But I always come back to this conclusion — no, I could not. And yet, look, my good friends, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have evtrlasting life."'

'To which one of the man replied, "Well, sir, I can feel with you, and I have three sons—two are lads—but neither of them could I part with; no, not for nobody living."

'The doctor seemed pleased with his visit, telling me that he did not think he had addressed a more interested-looking audience.' —The 'Child's Companion.'

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Among the incidents of an earthquake in India we have the following: Many of the natives thought that the world was coming to an end, and the merchants and money-lenders at Goalpara rushed to the top of the hill with other natives and literally sowed their money broadcast. When asked why they did it they said, 'If the ground is going to open and swallow us, what good will our money do us? We give it to the gods.' A wiser method would be to make the offering to the gods earlier that they might prevent such a catastrophe. May not Christians in civilized lands learn a lesson from this incident and make their offering to the God of gods?

—Selected.

## The Draught at Mount Hermon.

(W. E. Cule, in the 'Baptist Commonwealth.')

(Concluded.)

It was curious what a noise that door made in the village. Those who had seen it told those who hadn't, and representatives of each set went to interview the carpenter. He told all he knew, and there were some who had heard the conversation on Sunday week between the pastor and his deacons. Thus a fairly true version of the affair got abroad, to be told and retold. The village grocer, the barber, the news agent and tobacconist, told it in their shops; the milkmen and the bakers carried it far and wide in their carts. By Friday night there was scarcely a single person, resident or visitor, who had not smiled over the curious history of the minister and his door.

But it did not stop at that. In the nearest large town was published a gossipy evening paper, which gave a few notes to Llanbyre during the season in return for a quite respectable summer circulation. It probably had a correspondent there, to supply it with items of news, and the name of distinguished visitors. On that Saturday the paper came as usual, and the people of Llanbyre were delighted to find their latest sensation in a prominent place. Thus:—

THE MINISTER AND THE DRAUGHT.

Remarkable Incident at Llanbyre.

'One of the little chapels at Llanbyre had a Draught of a good old-fashioned kind. The other Sunday the newly-appointed minister discovered the Draught, and suggested a new door. His officers, however, resolved to keep the Draught, so the minister resolved to see to the matter himself. On Thursday, therefore, the people of the village were astonished to see the reverend gentleman, in company with a carpenter, bearing a bran-new Door through the streets towards his chapel, where it was safely hung in its place. The promptitude and energy of this action have made a distinct impression at Llanbyre, and it is felt that things are moving. It is rumored that the whole door came out of the minister's own purse, and we trust that it will act as properly as it should do under the circumstances.'

Those rather flippant, but not ill-natured remarks naturally clinched the matter at Llanbyre; and probably the person most concerned was the one who did not read the paragraph. Mr. Barnes never took a paper on Saturday evening, for he devoted those hours to a finishing study of his sermon; and he was thus unconscious of the general interest with which his doings were regarded. But when he came out of the vestry on the next morning, he gave a little start of surprise. At the first glance it seemed to him that the chapel was full.

It was not full, but there was a striking increase in the attendance. All the regulars had come in force, and there were many who seldom went to any place at all. There were some of the new residents, who had been quietly slipping away from the denomination.

partly because of the chill at Mount Hermon; and there were several of the early visitors, looking up towards the pulpit with distinct interest. Perhaps there were some smiles, but they did not last; for when the minister saw the congregation, and the interest and the opportunity, his heart gave a bound. Then he sank down upon his knees in the pulpit.

It may have been the Door—or the Prayer—or the Opportunity; but Mount Hermon was quite comfortably warm that day. In his joy, some hidden powers of his own were given their chance, and while the strangers were pleased his own folks were astonished. They felt that something had taken place. Once or twice, during the singing, he looked anxiously towards the New Door; but the door was good, and when it was once closed it only opened to admit some living worshippers. If an invisible hand tried it, it tried in vain, and there was no puff of chilly breath felt throughout the morning.

When the service was over the congregation dispersed, but it was noticeable that they lingered as they went, and that numerous glances were directed to the door. The minister came down to the Big Seat, and sat among his deacons. He wondered, as he had wondered all along, how they would regard his high-handed action. And while he was still wondering and waiting, one of the congregation came up to speak to him—a stout, shaggy-headed old gentleman, whom some of the deacons recognized as an annual and persistent visitor to Llanbyre.

'Sir,' said this person, quite loudly, 'I am glad to make your acquaintance, and to thank you for your sermon.'

The little pastor bowed. The straight-backed deacons pricked up their ears.

'I am also glad to thank you,' said the visitor, who was evidently a character, 'for that Door!' And he indicated the New Door with his thumb. 'Eight years ago, sir, I visited this chapel for the first time—and sat in a Draught! There was nowhere else to sit; but I felt confident that it was not the will of my Father that I should go to His House to take a cold, so I did not come again. Every year since then, on coming to the place, I have inquired about that Draught, and found it still a fixture; but last night I heard that you had settled it for good.'

The deacons glanced at one another. 'I am only one of many,' proceeded the visitor, mercilessly, 'as I think you will find. If the story I have heard is true, sir, I respect you as one who is not afraid or ashamed to do a plain thing in a plain way, cloth or no cloth. Good-morning, sir! Good-morning, gentlemen!'

There was no time for reply. Before the pastor or his officers had come to themselves, the Visitor—who was only One of Many—was passing out through the New Door, for the first time, but not for the last time.

And after that what could the deacons do? Only one thing, evidently; and that was to go down to the Door, and examine and approve it. This they did.

* * * *

There is a point in the history of both men and churches when the whole future seems to hang in the balance. For Mount Hermon that point was reached on that Sabbath morning, and the right course was found when the little pastor went down on his knees in the pulpit. People went away wondering why the place had been called cold, and came again at night with a further increase in their numbers. Things improved steadily as long as the season lasted; and before it was over Mr. Barnes had followed up his advantage by securing a fully equipped heating apparatus to meet the coming of the winter days. After that there was no going back; and the incoming of new and warmer blood gave the social atmosphere just that comfort which the pastor sought in spiritual things, and which his New Door secured for the all too tender frames of visitors from towns.

There is no mystery about the business, but surely the little pastor may be allowed to have his fancy. Perhaps he still thinks that an evil spirit in poor old Smith had made the ill-fitting door, and left it as a means for further inroads in the future; and also that by his modest sacrifice he had baffled one whose icy breath had chilled the Mount Hermon congregation week by week. After all, that is only another way of looking at it.

## A Grateful Tribute.

[An aged lady, almost ninety, but still a constant reader of the 'Messenger,' sends us the following verses, composed by her many years ago.—Editor.]

[Written to the friends in the new West of fifty years or more ago, and their cordial treatment of a newcomer.]

I come from the eastern mountains,
Where they breathe the pure dear air,
Where bright streams and crystal fountains,
Are sparkling in beauty there.

I came when a cloud most dreary,
Was spread o'er this pleasant land,
And my heart was sad and weary,
Oh, I sighed for those mountains grand.

But heart was saved from sadness,
When I came to the house of prayer,
For my soul found peace and gladness,
As I joined in your worship there.

Oh, I found in that sacred spot,
A home with a chosen band.
So sweet that I almost forgot,
That I dwelt in a foreign land.

But time now is swiftly bringing,
The hour that will break this spell,
My heart to this sweet home clinging,
Still lingers and dreads a farewell.

For Oh, I may never again,
Re-enter that pleasant retreat,
Never list to that heart-moving strain,
That fell on my ear so sweet.

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FAREWELL.

'Finally!' Yes! finally,
The tie that binds eternally,
For time must now be severed;
I feel that we shall meet no more,
Till life's short journeyings are o'er,
And we in heaven are gathered.

'Brethren!' Beloved, on memory's book,
Is written every form and look;
But dearest to my heart,
Are those upon whose heavenly face
The image of my Lord I trace,
Oh, can we, must we part?

'Farewell!' Farewell! It must be so,
Those loved ones call, and I must go.
Farewell, but not forever,
For it shall be my constant care
To pray and strive to enter where
We'll part—no, never, never.

'Be perfect.' Oh, those words are sure,
'They shall see God whose hearts are pure,'
Then let us never rest,
Till we this blessed state attain,
Till we o'er sin the victory gain,
And walk in holiness.

'Be of good comfort.' God hath given
His word to light our path to heaven,
His spirit for a guide,
A comforter, our hearts to cheer,
We've all to hope, and naught to fear,
What can we have beside?

'Be of one mind.' Let naught divide
This happy band in love allied;
But let the world perceive
How Christians love, Christians forgive;
And let the holy life you live
Constrain them to believe.

'Live in peace.' Oh, suffer not,
Discord upon this sacred spot
To find a moment's rest.
But Oh, each other's burdens bear,
And let the dove of peace find there
A home in every breast.

'And the God of peace and love,
Shall be with you.' May you prove
All this precious promise yours.
It's fulness words can ne'er express,
His presence is our joy, our rest,
Our heaven, our all secures.

II. Corinthians xiii., 11.

## Reply to Query.

We have been asked, by an Ontario correspondent, to state explicitly in our columns whether this publication were in any sense a denominational one. It is not. The aim of the publishers has always been, and still is, to make it a bright, helpful paper, equally acceptable to all, whatever their denominational preferences. No appeal for help, either financial or otherwise, is made in these pages, except for strictly undenominational forms of Christian work. Every effort is made to maintain absolute impartiality in the use of articles referring to work that may be carried on by special churches, and such items are inserted not to advance the particular work they describe, but because of their general interest. Our readers may rest confident that in subscribing for or recommending the 'Northern Messenger,' they are supporting an entirely independent and undenominational paper for the home and the Sunday school. The Montreal 'Witness' is equally free from any sectarian bias.

## The Religion Worth Having.

Religion, to be worth possessing, must have a life-giving, life-molding, hope-inspiring power. If it consists only in the observance of forms and ceremonies, in other words, if it only imposes weary burdens upon its votaries, or fails to cure the soul of doubts, fears and evil propensities, then it is utterly worthless. Some one has well written: 'We want religion that softens the step, and turns the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.'—'Religious Telescope.'

## Acknowledgments.

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A. M. Boosey, Embro, $3.60; J. E. S., $1.00; Mrs. John M. Gunn, Hopetown, $1.00; Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, Caintown, $1.00; Stanley B., Brantford, 50 cents; Miss McNabb's class, Kilsyth Presbyterian Sabbath school, $4.25; total, $11.35.

## The Maple Leaf Forever and Everyone.

Each week shows marked increase in our Maple Leaf orders. 'Pouring in,' is what one clerk says of them. That shows the pins and brooches themselves are 'all right,' just what we say they are, or better, and our low price, together with out free trial subscriptions, free silk badges to schools, makes this offer a very attractive one. (See mention on page 11).

The emblems we have already sent out, however, are but the first flutterings of the showers of Maple Leaves that we intend shall fall all over the Dominion. This offer is of special interest to schools everywhere, and by prompt action, schools even in the Far West, can remit to us, and get their supply in time for Empire Day.

Nova Scotia is away head still, but New Brunswick does not mean to be behind long, judging from the orders.

Do it at once. A Maple Leaf pin will lend zest to the songs, speeches and general tone of your celebration.

The lessons of that day, and every subsequent lesson in patriotism, will add to the associations clustering round the dainty emblem, which will thus serve continually to call these to mind.

Read our advertisement on Maple Leaf Pins, and lose no time in taking advantage of it.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Luck and Laziness.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire,
And gave a sleepy yawn;
'Oh, bother! Let him knock again!'
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,
Upon another door,
Where industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once;
'Come in!' the worker cried.
And Luck was taken by the hand
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest,
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How Industry found such a friend;
'Luck never came my way,'
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.

—'Irish Temperance Leader.'

## Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued

'How long do the oldest men live now?' asked Rodney.

'Seventy to eighty is now long life. I have met a number of people of ninety or a hundred. A famous man in England, named Old Parr, lived to be, they thought, over one hundred and fifty-two years old. An English author tells of a visit to an Irish family near Dublin, where a number of generations lived on a farm, the oldest of the men being one hundred and thirty. But you must consider how many children die under five; how many young men do not reach twenty-five; what numbers of the human race perish in the prime of middle life when they could be most useful. And it is very evident that our own follies shorten life. The greatest number of child deaths occur in the children of drinking parents; the children of drinking people are not likely to reach old age, even if they survive infancy. The hereditary effects of drunkenness are to deprave blood and shorten life. Then, drinking people themselves are more liable to disease, less likely to recover when ill, more subject to epidemics, and very seldom reach sixty.'

Such talks occupied the way, and helped the making of a man of Rasmus.

Every Sabbath was a day of rest for our travellers, and that it might not be a day of exhaustion instead of rest, they stopped early on Saturday, whether they camped in a wood or tarried at an inn or farmhouse. Among the Pennsylvania hills, especially in the districts peopled by those of German descent, the charges at the little, old-fashioned inns were very reasonable. Clean beds, a plain, good table, and quiet were to be had for a few dimes. The earth brought forth bountifully; all kinds of food-stuffs were at very low prices; many of the hamlets seemed a simple, little Arcadia, quite outside of the strife and troubles of the general world. To such a little village, with the odd name of 'Stalking Deer,' Mr. Llewellyn had had his letters directed, as he would there pass the Sabbath. Rodney had a letter from the blooming Sally Crew. She asked if 'Mr. Rasmus' had made any more speeches, and sent her regards to Mr. Llewellyn and the rest. Rasmus thought this a magnificent letter, when Rod read it to him, sitting on a bench by the inn door. Rasmus took it and looked at it carefully, wondering if ever he would write well enough to address a young man who could make such a good letter as that.

'Yes, indeed, before long,' said Rodney.

Mr. Llewellyn put his head from the window of the inn sitting-room. 'Rasmus, nine years is a lon gtime, and many changes happen in it, but I think I have news of your little brother for nine years ago—'

Rasmus leaped up. Sally had vanished from his mind; he returned to the grand passion of his life—to Robin. He jumped through the open window; to go round by the door would take too long. The ruddy Rasmus was pale. 'Let's hear,' was all he could say.

'A lady in the West has seen the advertisement copied from the Pittsburg paper, as an item of interest, and she writes to the New York publisher and he sends the letter to me. She says that nine years ago she had in her Sunday school class, in Illinois, a little hump-backed lad, very sweet and pretty-mannered.'

'I know it! That's just like Robin!' cried Rasmus.

'He had been adopted from a New York Home, and all his friends were dead.'

'No such thing; I wasn't dead!' cried Rasmus.

'The Home people thought you were, and probably said so; but hear the rest of it. The little boy was named Robin, and she was very fond of him. He showed her a picture-book that had been given him when first taken by the family, and in it was a picture of a street-lad selling things, and he had had the lady he lived with write "Rasmus" beside it, because he thought it was like a brother he had had. And when she gave him a red Testament he got her to write "Robin and Rasmus" on the first page. He seemed to have a great affection for this brother, and finally told the lady "that he prayed God every day not to let his brother be dead." The lady was so interested in the case that she wrote to the Home in New York City, and finally traced the brother up to a farmer near New York, but found he had disappeared from there.

'Oh,' cried Rasmus, with a burst of grief, 'if I'd stayed I'd found my Robin!' Then after a little silence he cried out fiercely, 'What I wants to know is, was he happy and well took care of?'

'The lady says in this letter that he was much thought of by the good people who had him, and very happy.'

'They'd better think well of him!' shouted Rasmus, clenching his fist, 'or I'd go break every bone in their body! But where is he now? I'm going to start right after him, to-night. You can get Rod to his uncle. I'm going after my boy, I've waited long enough.'

'My poor Rasmus, you will have to wait longer, and the lady says these people moved away, and she does not know where they went, but their name was Long, and she gives the town they lived in nine years ago, and I will write to the postmaster there, and to some leading citizen, and we are that much nearer the lad; you have just so many more points for advertising again, and you know at least that he was in good hands, with people who cared for him, soul and body.'

The immediate effect of this news was to make Rasmus very uneasy and unhappy. His eagerness to find his brother was all renewed; the love of little Robin for him touched his heart. Earth seemed to have no good aside from Robin; the beauties of the way, the subjects of interest that Mr. Llewellyn tried to start, could not call his attention; he went his road in moody silence, his hands thrust in his pockets, his head down, his shoulders bent under the bag which he usually carried so easily. It was Rodney who found a way to rouse him.

'Rasmus, if those folks sent Robin to the Sunday school, of course they sent him to day school too, and by this time he must have learned a great deal. Of course he's alive, for if he lived through all the troubles he had when he was little, and three years after you lost him, it is likely he is living yet. In a good home and good care, what would make him die? If that strange lady saw the advertisement, he will too, or some other one you put in, and then you'll find him, and he'll like to find you some learned, too. He would feel hurt if you couldn't read and write.'

'Think so, Rod?'

'Dead sure of it.'

'Then here goes; I'll tackle my spellin' again. But, I say, I have the hardest luck ever fell to any man.'

'No, you haven't. S'pose circus folks had stolen him, and been banging him about all this while? You've found out he had a good home, and was happy, and you're growling at that! What would suit you?'

'Finding him!' cried Rasmus, with unction.

'That will come in good time,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

Rasmus roused himself and returned to his studies. He had now not merely the hope of finding himself able to write a letter to the milliner-maiden Sally, but he must see to it that Robin was not ashamed of him when they met. He spent hours along the road, spelling the name of all that he saw, writing words on bits of wood, or picking out chapters of the Gospel of John from Rod's Testament, Mr. Llewellyn telling him that no reading book in the English language is so well suited to a beginner, having so many and easy English words. Sitting by the camp-fire in the evening, Rasmus planned for the future. Would Robin care for him still, after these further nine years of absence? Did Robin think he had forgotten him, and gone bad, after running away from the farmer? Would Robin wish, like Rodney, to go to college? Was not Robin just the right age to go? How should he be able to put him through a college?

'I'll get my uncle to help,' said Rodney, confidently.

'My lad,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'your uncle may be just as hard to find as Robin is, and when found, even, he may not be able or willing to do what you wish for you. Don't expect too much, for fear of preparing a disappointment too heavy to bear.'

'His letter was that of a very nice man,' said Rodney.

'Suppose you let us see it,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

Rodney got out a little yellow note-book, and sat by Mr. Llewellyn while he unfolded all his family records. Rasmus kneeling behind them, scrutinized all as closely as if he could by anxious looking read every word, while in truth he could not decipher one of the crabbed records made by Mr. Andrews.

'Now, first,' said Rodney, 'here is a little writing on this page by Mr. Andrews, telling that my parents were drowned crossing a ford, and left me, five years old. Under it is a line he wrote the day he died, saying that he sent the account of the drowning to my mother's uncle, and did not mention that I remained alive, and so my mother's uncle thought me dead. Next page he says that he was made my guardian, and the amount of all my parents left was one thousand dollars. And here he shows how he invested it, and here how he lost it. And here is the address of my mother's uncle, on Fulton Street, New York, where he used to be, that is. And this is the last line Mr. Andrews wrote, asking him to look out for me; and here in this pocket is the letter.' Rodney took out a crumpled yellow letter, written on square business paper, the short letter of a busy man:

'My Dear Mary:

'I am glad to know you and yours are in health, and like your new home. I hope you will prosper. If the day comes when I get so free of business care that I can travel, and see the great West, I shall call on you, and it will do me good to meet you once more. Left lonely as I am in the world, having lost all my dear family, I do not forget that you are the only child of my only sister, who is now in heaven. I have now good health, and nothing to complain of in my affairs. But what comfort is money to a lonesome man? I hope you will write me often. May God bless you.

'Your affectionate uncle,

'PETER WALDON.'

'It seems the letter of a kind man,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'but you have no reason to infer a very rich one.'

'Mr. Andrews said he was rich, he thought.'

'And I should fancy, also, an old man; he may not now be living. He had had much loss and trouble.'

'If the uncle don't turn up, I'll stick by

him,' said Rasmus. 'I said I would, and I will, honor bright.'

Rasmus did not realize how different these thoughts were from those of a few months before, when he had planned an idle walk across country with Rodney, to end in getting a hundred dollars from a 'rich uncle' for the care of the lad. Rasmus had grown honestly fond of Rodney, and in the company of Rodney and the naturalist, a new life had risen in him; he had been a lazy, overgrown boy; now he was changing to a thoughtful, upright man.

'I say, Rod,' he demanded, soon; 'suppose you find your uncle is a liquor-dealer, and wants you to stay with him, and sell—what then?'

'I wouldn't do it,' responded Rodney, indignantly.

'Well, suppose he don't draw it quite so tight as that; suppose he is a liquor-seller, but is willing to be a father to you, and send you through college—what then?'

'I won't do it. I don't want to be supported on money that has been got in destroying people. It is a wicked way to make money, and I'd have nothing to do with that kind of a relation. If I began, I'd maybe go on, to selling the stuff:'

'Got lots of sand in him, hasn't he, for a little chap?' said Rasmus admiringly, to Mr. Llewellyn. 'Now, I'll lay you any odds you like, my Robin will be just like that.'

'Without stopping to bet,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'I dare say he is a very steadfast little man—his clinging to your name as he did, shows that.'

'Don't it?' said Rasmus immensely delighted. 'Now, I know it ain't in me to stick to a body like that! Robin was always worth ten of me, anyday.'

'I think, to save time,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'Rodney had better at once write a letter to his uncle, to that old address, telling his story, and requesting a reply, directed to my care, at Allentown. And I will, to-night, send an advertisement to the 'Herald,' about Robin, and ask any answer to be sent as that other was.'

It was well Mr. Llewellyn took this step, tending to allay the impatience of Rodney and Rasmus, for the trip met a delay. They had made their next Saturday camp in a hilly region, beside a little river. When all was in order, Mr. Llewellyn began his usual explorations. He had gone up the bank overhanging the stream, and was reaching after a new variety of flower which he saw growing on the extreme edge, when the ground gave way under him, and he fell into the brook, a distance of twenty-five feet. He struck against a boulder, breaking his left arm above the elbow. They were but two miles from the village. Rasmus hastily changed Mr. Llewellyn's clothes, and told Rodney to walk slowly with him toward the village, to find a surgeon, while he broke up their encampment, and followed with the rest of the goods. The day was hot and dusty. The sudden chill of falling into the brook had been a severe shock, and before a doctor could be found, the broken arm had swollen badly, and Mr. Llewellyn was feverish. The doctor assured him that bones, at his age, did not mend as beautifully as for young folks. He must go to bed, and it would be at least two weeks before he could resume his rambling life. After the arm was set, Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney went to the little inn, the doctor taking them there in his buggy.

'My life!' cried the stout hostess, as they alighted, 'if it isn't Mr. Llewellyn, the Welsh gentleman, as is so daft on flowers and bugs! I always said, sir, gallivanting round as you do, you'd break your neck, and now you've gone and done it.'

'Not quite so bad as that,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

## A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

## Wise Words.

Baron Rothschild has the following wise sayings framed and hung up in his banking house:—

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make a few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Venture not on the threshold of wrong.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragements.
Zealously labor for the right.

—Australian 'Spectator.'

## Memories of the Past.

(By Mary E. Q. Brush, in the 'American Messenger.')

Grandma Marriner opened her bedroom door gently, and placed the tray containing her dinner dishes upon the little stand in the back hall. She hovered over it a minute or two, picking crumbs of toast into neat little brown piles and arranging the four prune-stones into a decorous heap; the dabs of squash and potato, together with the scrap of bone left from her broiled steak, she scraped into her teacup with the teagrounds, but the bit of butter was untouched.

'Folks can't say that I ever put a speck o' butter into the swill,' she said, complacently.

The nod of self-approval set all the bows on her lace cap fluttering like purple butterflies. The face beneath bore the tint and sharpness of a hickory nut; it surmounted a small, spare, agile figure clad in a skimpy, black sateen gown over which white palm leaves ran in riotous confusion of designs.

Very different in looks was Grandma Brewer, who, just across the hall, was peering out, her door opened just far enough to show her short little nose. Now that nose was a sample of grandma's whole figure—short and pudgy. A much-be-ruffled wrapper made her look like a perambulating pincushion.

Above the purple ruffles a pair of pale-blue eyes glittered in childish resentment.

'Yes, she can set her vittles out there, if she wants to,' muttered Grandma Brewer. 'I shan't foller her example. William's wife says to me, says she, "Leave your tray, ma, till Betty or I git it." So I'll do as William's wife told me to; not that I'm afraid to do different, fur I ain't, no, not in a house that pa an' I built years ago, an' that I've got a right to yet. William's wife treats me well, but as fur that mother o' hers'—the sentence ended in a scornful sniff. Grandma Marriner heard the sniff and was also conscious of the furtive and disapproving scrutiny. Her wizen face grew hard with sudden grimness.

'Humph,' she muttered to herself, 'that old woman's peeking as usual! I s'pose she's thinking that they put some extry tidbit on my tray, or else, maybe, she's got some notion that somebody's plannin' to steal her ice cream agin'"—here Grandma Marriner's sniff was louder than her neighbor's had been.

Meanwhile, in the room across the hall, Grandma Brewer continued to coddle her own particular grievance; she dropped into her rocking chair with a thud; the voluminous wrapper overflowed around her in purple billows; her head, with its fat, faded blonde face in front and its tiny knot of streaked yellow hair behind, was nodding in an imbecile fashion; her plump, white finger pointed with trembling indignation toward the top drawer of her bureau.

"Twas in there that I hid my ice cream yisterday—a sasserful! William's wife, she brought it up for my dessert; I couldn't eat it then, bein' filled with dinner, so I thought I'd put it away where folks wouldn't meddle with it. But they did'—here the pale-blue eyes flashed wrathfully—'yes, they did. It wa'n't more'n two hours afterwards when I went to git it, an' there was only some melted stuff in the sasses an' a damp spot on the paper at the bottom o' the drawer.'

Poor foolish grandma! The bureau stood barely four feet away from the steam radiator in her room, and the temperature was not less than eighty in that bureau drawer, so was it any wonder that the ice cream, like the earth before the creation, 'was without form and void'?

However, in the opinion of the old lady, her neighbor across the hall had caused the disappearance of that saucerful of ice cream, and, as a consequence of this belief, whispered hints, muttered accusations, and injured and reproachful looks had, for the past twenty-four hours, filled the upper part of the house with the gloom of a thunderstorm.

Grandma Marriner had treated all charges with proper scorn. With as much stately dignity as her small stature could carry, she pattered in and out of her room, her whole air being that of indifference bordering on contempt. Down in her heart, nevertheless, the arrow rankled. Finally, screened by the tall back of her big rocking chair, she indulged herself in sundry tear showers. These cooled her hot indignation somewhat, and her perturbed spirits calmed down into a state of gentle melancholy and a brooding over things reminiscent.

With fingers that fluttered a little, she unfolded the yellow newspaper containing the long-ago notice of her husband's death; she peeped into a small tortoise-shell box, in which reposed a lock of his hair; she looked longingly at the somewhat ghastly crayon portrait hanging on the wall of her room. Then her sharp little features contracted with an expression of dissatisfaction.

'That ain't nigh so good as the daguerreotype it was taken from,' she muttered. Whereupon, she took from her tall chest of drawers a box containing pictures in old-fashioned cases. She unclasped one of these, holding it out at arm's length in order that the light might fall on it just the right direction.

From within the tarnished gilt margin, the face of a young man, with long hair, plastered sleek and smooth across his forehead and temples, and with high collar and wide stock around his neck, looked at her with smiling dark eyes, whose glances seemed to bridge over a great chasm of years.

Grandma Marriner's face softened as though some gentle, loving hand had passed over it, smoothing out its hard, vindictive lines with a magical touch; her voice lacked its customary sharpness as she murmured, 'Eben's eyes were the pleasantest I ever see! Never was any like 'em—'nles—'nless it was little Sarah's.'

Laying down the square black daguerrotype case, she took up a dark red oval one. This she opened slowly—reverently, as one opens the door of the darkened room in which lie the dear, sheeted dead. A lovely child-face smiled up into her own. After gazing at it lovingly for several minutes, she laid the case on her knee, leaned back in her chair, with half closed eyes, as she rocked gently to and fro.

The faintest ripple of a lullaby fell quavering from her lips. The years rolled away as a scroll; she beheld herself seated in the twilight; the evening breeze stirred the curtains at the windows of the far-away, old-fashioned house, the fragrance of blossoming honeysuckles crept in, the silver crescent of the new moon hung in the sky; a bird in the sweet briar bush just outside the door twittered sleepily in its nest, the baby in her arms made a soft, cooing answer.

There was a little rustling at the other end of the room.

'Maria,' came in a low, hesitating voice from the doorway.

Grandma Marriner turned; there stood the mother-in-law of the household, a puzzled, deprecatory expression on her face. But the

mild blue eyes were bright with a reviving intelligence, as though the clouds were for a moment swept away from the brain.

In Grandma Brewer's hand was a daguerrotype case similar to that lying upon the knee of the old woman in the rocking chair; but the face revealed was that of a gulsh, black-eyed baby boy.

It was the sudden sight of this, found during a renewed search for the hapless ice cream, that had banished all the trivialities, petty jealousy and mean animosity of her daily life.

Holding out the daguerrotype at arm's length, she exclaimed again, 'Maria! Maria Marriner! do tell me who this is! Seems like it was somebody that belonged to me—once; I—I—can't jest think—I'—she passed her hand wearily over her forehead.

Grandma Marriner straightened her spectacles on the bridge of her little Roman nose and peered forward with patronizing, though not unkindly, interest.

'Why, Amy Jane Brewer! don't ye know who that child is? My sakes! It's your own little John Henry. Where d' ye find the picture?'

'In my top drawer,' came the quavering reply. 'You see I was a-lookin'—a-lookin' fur suthin'—I can't tell what jest now, when I run across this. Little John Henry, you say? Why, my land, yes! He was my youngest, wa'nt he? He and your little Sarah used to play together an'—an' didn't they die about the same time, Maria?'

'Yes, and their funerals was held together,' gently rejoined Grandma Marriner. 'Come here an' set down, Amy Jane, an' let's talk about the time you an' me was neighbors an' close friends!'

A quarter of an hour later, William's wife, coming up for the tray on the stand in the hall, heard the sound of low voices in animated, though pleasant, converse.

She peeped in at the door of the room on the left of the hallway; a look of surprise, mingled with intense gratification, overspread her fresh, matronly face. Then she turned and went softly down the stairs, chuckling at every step. Her husband was in the kitchen, and he turned a half-amused, half rueful face toward her.

'What's the matter, Lucy? Them two old ladies been squabblin' agin?'

'Squabblin',' exclaimed Mrs. William. 'Well I guess! Maybe you won't believe it, but it's the honest truth I'm telling you. Your ma an' my ma are settin' there, side by side, like two turtle-doves, an' each one of 'em is holdin' a dagguerrotype. An' I heard your ma say to my ma, "It ain't no sin to make believe, and especially when it's such comfort, so we'll pertend that you've got your John Henry an' I've got my little Sarah, an' we're settin' her rockin' 'em to sleep as we used to when we lived in the double house together."'

Here Mrs. William held up a warning finger.

'Listen, William,' she exclaimed. 'Just listen.'

The husband and wife tiptoed to the foot of the back stairs. From regions above there floated down the narrow flight of steps a faint, far-away melody, in which two aged voices mingled in a quavering but harmonious accord—

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.'

## A Hospital for Animals.

A building a short distance from Victoria station, London, has been converted into a hospital for animals. It is divided into wards with rows of padded benches, neat boxes or comfortable stalls. The sick animals of the city will be brought here. Only a portion of the building can be fitted up now, as $25,000 more is needed to complete the work. In order to help raise this, 2,000 churches in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Italy, Isle of Man and the Channel islands made a recent Sunday 'Animal Sunday.' Packages of literature telling about the work were distributed by boys and girls. The preachers spoke on the subject of kindness to animals, pleading with their people to help raise money to complete the hospital.—Selected.

## Why He was not Promoted.

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
He was stung by a bad book.
His stock excuse was, 'I forgot.'
He did not put his heart in his work.
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He learned nothing from his blunders. He felt that he was above his position.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He tried to make 'bluff' take the place of ability.
He thought he must take amusement every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.
He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.
He was ashamed of his parents because they were old-fashioned.
He imitated the habits of men who could stand more than he could.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay-envelope.—Selected.

## The Choir Contest.

(The 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Hurland was not of the company. She had not missed a visit to this annual Festival for many years, until to-day, to her husband's chagrin and annoyance, she absolutely refused to go.

The morning concert proved quite a success. Joel's choir scored well, and his hopes rose high that at the evening concert it would attain to the second if not the first place. But when the choirs were assembling he experienced a shock as his eye swept over his own band. Where were Mike and Jim?

He had contrived to keep his eye on them during the earlier part of the day, but lately he had been taken up by meetings with old acquaintances. Most of the older members of the party had been similarly engaged, and the younger ones had scattered about at the various amusements, so the two new recruits had found an opportunity of slipping away alone.

Joel's heart beat painfully when he noticed their absence, and the faces of the older members of the band grew grave and apprehensive. Jim Harvey had to take a solo in the test piece, so what was to be done without him? They sent out two or three scouts from those of their number who were not in the choir, but the singers had to take their places at once. It was not until the concert was in full swing that Joel's truant singers arrived, and with some little commotion were got through to their seats. Mike Benson's face was white and anxious, but Jim Harvey's was flushed, and there were not wanting other indications that he had failed to keep the pledge so lightly made. A flash of consternation ran through the choir, but their leader, who was seated where he could not make such a close observation, resolutely tried to put away the nervous uneasiness which had assailed him.

Their turn came. Joel raised his baton, and only those near to Jim Harvey saw the lurch he gave in endeavoring to rise as noiselessly as the rest. The opening bars were gone through with a correctness and precision that awoke a thrill of admiration in the listening crowds. The tenor solo was listened for with breathless attention. Jim Harvey's musical voice had charmed the most critical ears in the morning. What had happened to him now? Was it nervousness which brought those wild aberrations—that desperate grasping after the notes—the startling failure—the sudden breakdown? Partly, perhaps, for Jim was conscious of not being himself, and knew that he was unable to properly fulfil the duty expected of him. How unfit he was, was shown by the abrupt termination of his efforts to raise his voice to the required pitch, and his shattered announcement:—

'Can't get up there to-night, friends, throat's dry; let's try another.'

And before his confused senses could be recalled by the pullings and hushings of his companions he had rolled out upon the electrified audience a vulgar and rollicking love-song, with which he was in the habit of entertaining his audiences at the 'Red Lion.' He was silenced at length; the solo was passed over, and the choir finished their task; but 'how' they did not know. Their hope of a prize was gone, and they had small chance of even winning commendation.

As soon as they resumed their seats Mike Henson managed to get his comrade away, and dragged him off home by an early train, but not until he had visited another public house and got so tipsy that when they reached the Prestley Station it was necessary to hire a cab to take him home.

Joel Hurland was a sorry man that night; his shame and confusion taught him a lesson he was never likely to forget. Of course he had to face some questions from the committee of management, and was somewhat severely censured for bringing into the contest singers who could not be called actual abstainers.

The next day, perhaps to ease his smarting conscience, he forced upon himself the task of visiting Jim Harvey, not with the intention of upbraiding him, but with a laudable resolve to do his utmost to induce him to throw aside the drink in real earnest; but Jim was inclined to be quarrelsome, and would listen to no arguments.

'What was a fellow to do,' said he, 'on a thundering hot day like that, cooped up with a set of lifeless teetotallers, who couldn't provide anything decent to drink, and didn't know the meaning of the word amusement; Joel knew it wasn't likely he would be able to keep the pledge a whole day; he shouldn't have pressed him to go.'

'But, Jim,' urged Joel, 'think what a state you'll get yourself into if you haven't spunk enough in you to go without drink for one day. Why, man, you must be a perfect slave to it. You'd better by half sign again and stick to it.'

Jim bounced away to his work quite sav-


## NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

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agely. 'He wasn't going to be preached to!' he said angrily; 'hadn't Joel pledged his word not to worry him with teetotal jargon if he'd only just oblige him? He'd made him make a fool of himself once, but he'd take good care he'd never catch him in another net. He'd keep clear of the whole lot for the future.' He kept this resolution, and Joel had the pain of seeing him drift farther and farther on the road to ruin. But Mike Henson was more sensible. He came to Joel not long after with the astounding tidings that 'he' had kept the pledge, and intended to do so. The fact that he had found it so hard to give up his drink even for one day had opened his eyes to the insidious nature of the growth of the appetite he had thought it so easy to control.

'I couldn't tell you,' said he, 'how I longed for a drink when I saw Jim draining his glass; it was almost a miracle you didn't have two tipsy singers instead of one; but I was resolved to stick to my bargain, and I made up my mind then I'd go no farther towards slavery.'

'So you see, Bessie,' Joel ventured to say to his wife, 'my plan of getting them to sign for one day wasn't such a bad one after all.'

But Bessie, woman like, stuck to her own opinion still.

'If you had tried hard to convince them that abstinence was the safest and best course, Joel, I think you would have got Mike Henson that way just as well, and your influence over Jim Harvey wouldn't have been so completely gone.'

And Joel sighed as he answered meekly, 'Perhaps not.'

## Generous With What You Haven't Got.

A story not without its moral is told of two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who were discussing Socialism, and Pat said: 'Mike, I've turned Socialist.' 'An' why are ye a Socialist?' says Mike. 'Well,' says Pat, 'I've been readin' the papers an' I belave in public ownership. I'm tired of seein' men like Rothschild an' Rockfeller an' Carnegie sportin' their millions. Twenty thousand pounds is enough for any man, an' they ought to be made to divide with any body who needs it worse than they do. I'm on a strike for equality—that's Socialism.'

Mike: 'Well, if ye had twenty thousand pounds an' I had none, would ye divide it wid me?' Pat: 'I would.' Mike: 'An' if ye had two thousand would ye give me half of that?' Pat: 'I would.' Mike: 'An' if ye had two horses, would ye give me one of them?' Pat: 'I would. Shure, one horse is enough for any man.' Mike: 'An' if ye had two pigs, would ye give me one of them?' Pat: 'Ah, now, shure, Mike, ye know I have two pigs, and they are not more than I want mesilf, so never a pig will ye get from me.' Mike: 'You're liberal wid what ye haven't got, Pat, but stingy wid what ye have.'

There are some good people who act on the same principle in regard to their philanthropies.—The 'Christian Age.'

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration.—Dr. Westcott.

## NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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## Don't Take it to Heart.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming,
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy, or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the tamed waters that make us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—'Tinsley's Magazine.'

## Appalling Figures.

When the figures of the millinery slaughter houses are counted up they are rather appalling. Ten million birds a year, it was estimated in 1896, were required to supply the women of the United States with suitable hat trimming; forty thousand terns in a single season on Cape Cod, a million bobolinks near Philadelphia in a single month, twenty thousand birds sent to New York dealers in four months from one village on Long Island. England imports between-five million and thirty million birds a year. One London dealer received from the East Indies alone four hundred thousand humming birds, six thousand birds of paradise, and four hundred thousand miscellaneous birds. Altogether it is estimated that between two hundred million and three hundred million birds perish each year to trim the hats of the women of the world. It is impossible to estimate how many birds are killed for 'sport,' as the millinery output is estimated. But if men and boys are not as great sinners as women in the extermination of the birds, it is only because they have not the same opportunity. Italy, the land of music, has been rendered almost songless by 'sportsmen,' and, incredible as it may seem, the nightingales even are being exterminated.—'Our Four-footed Friends'

## God Paralyzed His Arm.

A prominent minister in Canada relates the following remarkable instance of God's miraculous care over His people:

'I am frequently impressed by the Spirit to perform actions at the time unaccountable to myself. These impressions are so vivid that I dare not disobey them.

'Some time ago, on a stormy night, I was suddenly impressed to go to the distant house of an aged couple, and there to pray. So imperative was the call, that I harnessed the horse and drove to the spot, fastened the horse under the shed, and entered the house unperceived by a door which had been left open.

'There, kneeling down, I poured out my petitions to God, in an audible voice, for the divine protection over the inmates; after which I departed and returned home.

'Months after, I was visiting one of the principal prisons in Canada, and moving amongst the prisoners was accosted by one of them, who claimed to know me. I had no recollection of the convict, and was fairly startled when the latter said: Do you remember going to such a house one night, and offering prayer in the dark for the inmates?" I told him I did, and asked him how he come to know anything about it. He said: "I had gone to the house to steal a sum of money, known to be in the possession of the old man. When you drove into the yard, I thought you were he, and intended to kill you while you were hitching your horse. I saw when you spoke to the horse you were a stranger. I followed you into the house, and heard your prayer. You prayed God to protect the old people from violence of any kind, and especially from murder; and if there was any hand uplifted to strike them, that it might be paralyzed."

'Then the prisoner pointed to his right arm, which hung lifeless by his side, saying:

'"Do you see that arm? It was paralyzed on the spot, and I have never moved it since. Of course I left the place without doing any harm, but am here now for other offences."'—'Sabbath Reading.'

## A Matter of Spelling.

After a few weeks at boarding school Alice wrote home as follows:

Dear Father: Though I was homesick at first, now that I am getting acquainted, I like the school very much. Last evening Grayce and Kathryn (my room-mates) and I had a nice little party, and we invited three other girls, Mayme and Carrye Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do. With love to all,

Your affectionate daughter,
Alyss.

To which she received the following reply:

My dear daughtre Alyss; I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jaymes came the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie was delighted, for he had been lovely without you. I have bought a new grey horse whose name is Byllye. He matches nicely with old Fredde. With much love from us all, I am,

Your affectionate father,
Wyllyam Jones.

The next letter from the absent daughter was signed 'Alice.'—'Christian Age.'

## A Remarkable Story of a Ring.

A very remarkable story of a ring is told by the Rev. W. J. Humble Crofts, of Waldron, Sussex, who says: 'Many years ago, when at Oxford, my father gave me as an heirloom a ring presented to him by an old friend, and bearing an inscription stating that it contained the hair of the Duke of Wellington. I gave the ring to my wife on our marriage in 1886. In 1889, when on a visit to Mr. W. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, the ring slipped off my wife's finger at the dinner-table, and although careful search was made, nothing more was seen or heard of it until quite recently, so far as we were concerned. At the commencement of this year my wife received a letter from her half-sister (Mrs. Hodge), in New Zealand, which stated incidentally that a church in which she was interested out there had received unexpected help some years ago from a curious source. Her sister (Miss White) had sent out from England some gloves purchased at Bides, and on trying on a pair of these gloves she found inside one of them a ring containing the hair of the Duke of Wellington, which had evidently been drawn off the finger by someone trying on the gloves at Bides. Unable to find the owner of the ring, Mrs. Hodge sold it and gave the proceeds to the church fund. The purchaser was a Mr. Frank Arkwright, of Overton, Marston, New Zealand, whose grandmother had given the ring to my father, and who has replaced it in my possession.'—'Christian Herald.'

## Peculiarities of Languages.

A boy who swims may say he's swum; but milk that is skimmed is seldom skum, and nails you trim, they are not trum. When words you speak, those words are spoken; but a nose is tweaked, and can't be twoken, and what you seek is never soken. If we forget, then we've forgotten; but things we wet are never wotten, and houses let cannot be lotten. The goods one sells are always sold; but fears dispelled are not dispold, and what you smell is never smoled. When juvenile, a top you spun, but did you see a grin e'er grun, or a potato nearly skun?—The 'Technical World.'

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Boys and Girls In Japan.

It would amuse you very much, as you travelled in Japan, to notice the contrasts between that country and your own. You would almost fancy yourself in a different planet.

In Japan the cats have no tails, and the bells have no tongues (they are struck from the outside). The

birds sing but little, and our mode of kissing is an art unknown. The horse stands with his head from the stall; and when the rider mounts, it is from the right, not the left. When acquaintances meet, each presses his own hand; and the left side is reckoned the more honorable. The teeth of the saw and the thread of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours. The tailor sews from, and the carpenter planes towards him. The blacksmith pulls the bellows with his foot; the cooper holds the tub with his toes. Everything pretty is put at the back, instead of the front, of a building; and gardens are watered from a pail with a wooden spoon.

If you went into a school, you would find the children reading down instead of across the page, and from the end instead of from the beginning of the book; while their examinations are after, instead of before the holidays. They do not have fluid ink in ink-bottles, as we do, but each scholar has a cake of ink which he uses in just the same way as we use paint.

The children always have a nicely embossed and designed card fastened securely to their girdles, with their name and address written upon it. That is an excellent plan. — 'The Child's Companion.'

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## A Narrow Escape.

Sister Annie was sick, and Johnnie and his little sister, Marie, did not know what to do with themselves. They wandered gloomily about the house and yard, disconsolate and lonely; for Annie had been the life of their party; the leader of their sports, the very light of the household; and Annie was so sick she could not bear them to make any noise. To step softly across the room hurt her head dreadfully, and to whistle, or sing, or shout—oh my! mother said that would never, never do.

You can imagine what a relief it was, then, to be sent over to grandmother's on an errand. This was distant about two miles, and quite a little of the weary time would be consumed in going and coming, and when Mrs. Taylor consented to the children remaining until after dinner with their grandmother, their joy was complete.

It was midwinter and very severe weather, and Johnnie was anxious to take the sled and go down to the old lady's on the ice, the river being frozen over; Marie could ride on the sled, and he would put on his skates and skim along with the rope in his hand. It would just be fun to haul her that way. But Mrs. Taylor shook her head decidedly.

'The Big Walnut is a most treacherous stream,' she said, in reply to the children's pleading. 'You never know whether it will bear you up or not. The current is so swift and strong it does not freeze solid enough, and it is always so full of air holes. I would be perfectly willing for you to go that way if it was safe, Johnnie boy, but, as it is, I must decidedly say no! It is not so much farther by the road, and you may take the sled and coast down all the hills anyway.'

Johnnie was not half pleased. He thought he knew best. Mother was too silly for anything to be afraid of the Big Walnut. With the mercury almost down to zero, of course there wouldn't be any danger. If only boys and girls didn't have to mind mothers, he'd prove to Marie that the ice was all right.

However, Johnnie had been trained to obey mother pretty well, and he hadn't the least idea of doing anything else when he started to his grandmother's. But he talked regretfully all the way, and when at the dinner table the hired man, Sam Phillips, assured him that the Big Walnut would

bear up a team without a doubt, his wish to venture home upon the ice became so strong that it grew into a resolution to do so. He was positive that mother would not care. She had said that she would be perfectly willing if it were only safe, and it was safe—Sam Phillips said so; and of course he knew all about it.

But Johnnie had not reckoned on little Marie having objections, That was exactly what the little girl revealed, however, so soon as he broached the subject when they had started home quite early in the afternoon.

'Mother said not!' exclaimed the tiny girl, sturdily, 'and it isn't good to disobey mothers, ever!'

'But she said she was willing if it was safe,' persisted Johnnie, 'and Sam says it is. I'll throw rocks on it first and try it, and go out with a great big club and pound on it, and let you see. It's so fine riding on the ice, Marie. I haven't got my skates; that's the only thing. But I can slide a long ways at a time and pull you right along.'

'Well,' said Marie,' wavering before the temptation, 'if you're sure mother won't care—'

'I know she won't,' said Johnnie.

'And you must pound it awful!'

'Yes, I will,' said Johnnie, going out on the glittering surface and pounding it here and there with a heavy stick.

'It cracked!' cried Marie, in alarm. 'I heard it just as plain. It cracked awful! Come back right away, Johnnie Taylor!'

But alas! It was too late for Johnnie to return. With a loud report the ice parted between him and the shore, and here and there it bent and yielded and broke, until Johnnie's refuge was only a little island of ice at the mercy of the current.

'Oh, oh, oh!' wailed Marie, running up and down the bank helplessly; 'what shall we do, Johnnie Taylor? If you had just minded mother!'

'Yes, I wish't I had, Marie,' said Johnnie dolefully. 'I guess I am going to drown. I am a very little boy to drown, too; such a little boy to die. Couldn't you do something?'

Marie looked all about and screamed as loud as she could, but the farmhouses were a long distance away, and there was no one in sight. Meantime there was Johnnie—her Johnnie—in danger of drowning in the cold icy water. Suddenly her eyes fell on the long, stout rope attached to the sled. She sprang toward it and began to untie the knots frantically. Johnnie saw what she was about, and cheered her on.

'You're the very smartest and pluckiest little girl I ever saw!' he declared. 'Fasten one end round that little tree, Marie, and sling the other to me; I guess you can do it. Not quite. Try again; don't get discouraged. Now! That's it; I've got it. Now I can pull myself to the shore all right.' And he did, not without a good deal of difficulty, but he managed it.

'It's a mighty good thing I didn't go very far out on the ice,' said the boy, when he had retied the rope to the sled, and they were on their way home. 'If I had, you couldn't have reached me with that rope.'

'It's a gooder thing that I didn't go on the ice,' said Marie, wisely, shaking her little head, or there wouldn't been anyone to throw you the rope and we'd both been drowned. And it's the goodest thing to mind mother—the goodest of all!'

'That's so,' said Johnnie; 'we'll always do it after this, Marie.'—'Baptist Boys and Girls.'

## Whole Duty of Children.

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as he is able.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## A Balsam Thought.

(By Charles N. Sinnett, in 'N. Y. Observer.'

When Grandma wakened up in the morning she rubbed her eyes in wonder to make sure that she was not dreaming.

'Seems as if I were out in the woods, and——'

She moved slightly, and something on her pillow tickled her nose.

'Why—ee!' said Grandma; 'this is right off of a balsam fir tree bough. No wonder I thought I was out in the Orono woods. How like home this seems!' And she smelled the evergreen very eagerly.

'Cheer up! cheer—up!' called the robin from the maples.

'I should think so,' smiled Grandmother; 'this will put new life into me. I wonder how it got here?'

She looked out at the robin as if he knew all that had been going on while she was asleep. She still kept the fir sprig held close to her nose. But as soon as she had peeped out of the window she dropped it and clasped her hands in wonder.

'There's a whole nice tree set out there,' she said. 'Planted right where I can see it while I lie in bed. Oh, yes, this is Arbor Day! I wonder who did all this?'

There was noise in the sitting room like a mouse trying to cover up his nose with his front feet.

'Come here, wise little Prue,' called Grandmother.

And then the blue-eyed girl behind the door laughed merrily. There was a happy patter of feet, and loving arms were slipped about dear old Grandmother's neck.

'I thought you must have had it done,' said Grandmother, with the happy tears shining in her eyes. 'How did you get it there—the very tree that I like the best?'

'Oh, I got some help. And one of the nice verses that you taught me from the Bible made me think of it very hard. You know that some people here are always saying that the town is going wrong and bad—and that it is so all over the country. But you always say, with such a bright smile, "Things will be better. God is good. He will not forget His promise, Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree."' You helped me to learn that verse, and just where it is found in the Book of Isaiah. It has never slipped out of my mind one bit.

'And I don't think you will ever forget it, either,' the little girl went on. 'And when the doctor said you would have to lie here in bed a while I thought it would be nice for you to have a fir tree to look at and think how God is working out so many good things every day.'

'I shall never forget this Arbor Day,' said happy Grandma.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Playing ball.' Lulu G. Rupert (14), N. L., Ont.

2. 'Elephant.' Don Kerr (10).

3. 'Cottage.' Willie W. Nicholson, C. B., N. S.

4. 'Pear.' Lulu Cowies (11), Q., Ont.

5 'Riding.' C. Marshall (13), K., Ont.

6. 'Beauty.' Roy Cline (11), Neb., U.S.A.

7. 'Rosebuds.' Iva B. Smith, (11), C., N.B.

8. 'Lilies.' Laura M. Wood (9), C., N.B

9 'Lighthouse' Eva Embery Craighurst, (10), B., Ont.

10. 'Dolly's Walk.' E. P., B., Ont.

11. 'House.' Minnie Walker, W. P. H., Ont.

12 'Pansy' C. Byers (10), F., Ont.

13. 'Ship.' Willie Forgrave (9), J., Ont.

14. 'Tulip.' Nelson Ward (6), S., Ont.

15. 'Dan Patch Second.' Bessie Grace Mattheson.

16. 'Tunnel.' Ariel Lowry (10), H., Ont.

# Correspondence

## WHAT DRINK CAUSES.

James Ormiston (one of our young readers).

Men of thought and men of action,
Give for Drink their utmost fraction,
Serpent-like, this mad attraction
Leads to Misery.

Men of thought in all your thinking,
Can't you stop this curse of drinking?
Souls of men are ever sinking
By this Cursed Load.

That which causes tribulation,
Licensed to destroy the nation!
Helpless, hopeless, of salvation,
Hundreds march to Death.

Let us all our lives forsake it,
And resolve we'll never take it,
But, our daily study make it,
To destroy its power.

W. V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old; my birthday is on August 29th. I go to school every day. I am in grade seven. Our teacher is Miss F. S., of West Tatamagouche. I like her very much. For pets I have a little kitten, her name is Debbie. I like reading the correspondence very much. We live about three miles from the station. I am going to answer some of the riddles which I saw in the 'Messenger.' I am sending some puzzles. I hope someone will answer them.

1. I came from Truro, I was black and white, but now am red all over.

2. Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son. What relation is that man to me.

FREDA E. HALLIDAY.

## 'AN EASTER VICTORY.'

By A. B. Robb (age 16).

It was Easter Sunday, a calm beautiful day in April. The bells were ringing, and the people of the village were hurrying to church.

As Billy Atherton walked along he found himself wondering vaguely what the pastor, the Rev. Arthur Manning, would speak on that morning. The minister was a young man, very enthusiastic, and all the young people respected and liked him very much. He and Billy were especial friends, though Billy was only twelve. Just ahead of Billy were two children, about his own age. They were Donald Scott and his sister Jean. Billy and Donald had not spoken for over a year. They had had a quarrel at school, and as each boy was equally certain that he was right there had been no reconciliation. Billy walked into church and sat down in their family pew. Donald and Jean sat just ahead. They had changed their seat, Billy noticed with some little dissatisfaction. Before service Billy kept his eyes on Donald. He began to wish they had never quarrelled. They might have,

But here the Rev Mr. Manning stepped into the pulpit, and his reverie was interrupted. The choir sang an anthem 'Christ is Risen,' then the pastor began his sermon. He preached in simple words such as all could understand, and as he listened Billy felt an intense longing to 'be friends' with Donald. But pride whispered, 'You were right; if he wants to be friendly let him come to you first.' Conscience said 'No matter who was right, and who was wrong, go to him and ask him why you cannot be friends.' All through the service pride and conscience struggled on, and when the closing anthem was sung and the people were going out of church, the struggle was over. Conscience had the victory. Donald was a little piece behind Billy, and suddenly Billy turned and said, 'Say, Donald, come up to dinner, will you? It's an age since you've been there!' Donald gazed at him in surprise, for an instant, then he said, 'Sure I will. All our people are away but Jean and myself. Jean is gone home with Nell Blythe, and I thought I'd have to get dinner myself.'

The boys walked on, and at last Billy said, 'Say, weren't we fools to quarrel? Let's be friends?'

'You bet,' said Donald emphatically, 'Let's forget it.'

'I'm willing,' said Billy. And the two boys (now grown to men) are still fast friends.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time—as long as I can remember. I think the Correspondence Page has become much more interesting since the drawings were started, and I like the story of 'Rasmus very much. Marjory Armour's drawings are very good, and I hope she will write again soon. I am twelve years of age, and I am in the ninth grade at school. There has been very little snow in this part of Nova Scotia this winter, but a good deal of skating, which is better. Skating is one of my favorite amusements. E. T.'s story was very good indeed for a child of eleven. Many of the girls say they are fond of reading. I am, too, and have read a great deal.

We have three horses, Kate, Daisy, and Frank. Daisy broke a bone in her front foot by slipping on the ice early last January. It happened on the mountain about five miles from home. The men brought her home in a waggon, and her leg was put in plaster of Paris. For a while she was kept in slings, when one morning they found her flat on the floor. It is a mystery how she got there, for the slings were not broken, but hanging just where they would be if she were in them. She was in a common stall, so the men were expecting a troublesome time to get her up. But my brother put some hay in the manger and she got up herself. She is kept in a box stall now, and is getting better, but of course we cannot tell yet if she will be lame or not. Daisy is not yet six years old, and seems to be very unfortunate, for this is the third bad accident she has had within a year.

The answer to Eva Nichols's riddle is a churn; to W. McDonald's the letter M; to Joseph W. T.'s, the 117th Psalm; to E. Donaldson's second puzzle, water; and to the third, a boot or a waggon.

Can anyone guess these riddles?

1. Why is it dangerous to sleep in the train?

2. What comes after cheese?

3. Why are journalists like chickens?

4. What animal took most luggage into the ark, and which the least?

ALICE M. MacRAE.

F., Ont.

How many boys and girls can repeat the ten commandments in rhyme?

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but Me.
2. Unto no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Do not the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. And see that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Steal not though thou art poor and mean.
9. Make not a wilful lie nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's dare to covet.

LLOYD MACHARDY (13).

T., Que.

Dear Editor,—My dearest friends at school are Lizzie McI., and Myrtle E. S. Our teacher's name is Miss C., and we like her very much. I am in the fourth grade at school. I was twelve years old last 18th of November.

NETTIE M. McGERRIGLE.

S. Q., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am an English girl. I came out a year ago last September. I like this country very much. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. I am very fond of reading. Here are some riddles.

Where is the word horse found in the Bible?

If you throw a stone into the sea, what does it become.

Why is a penny under a gate like a pig.

RAY SPENCER (age 13).

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20, 1906.

## Death of John the Baptist.

Mark vi., 14-29.

### Golden Text.

Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess. —Eph. v., 18.

### Home Readings.

Monday, May 14.—Mark vi., 14-29.
Tuesday, May 15.—Mark vi., 1-13.
Wednesday, May 16.—Matt. xi., 1-15.
Thursday, May 17.—Matt. xvii., 1-13.
Friday, May 18.—Luke iii., 1-9.
Saturday, May 19.—Luke iii., 10-20.
Sunday, May 20.—Matt. xiv., 1-12

( By Davis W. Clark.)

Extremes met in the fortress-palace of Herod Antipas on the occasion of his birthday banquet. Nazaritish abstemiousness kept vigil in the dungeon. Herodian wantonness blazed and reeled in the banquet-chamber. Self-oblivious devotion below is matched by an overweening ambition above. The forgiving spirit, ready to pray for despiteful users, is offset by a vindictive thirst for the blood of one whose very life was a rebuke to sinners. On the inky agate of the Herodian court the character of John Baptist stood out in high relief, a clear-cut cameo of snowy lustre. . . . If any Herod ever needed a post-graduate course in the art of luxury, this one had it. He received his finishing touches during his visit to Rome. At that capital of debauchery he contracted the incestuous and adulterous connection which called forth the Baptist's stern and constant, 'It is not lawful.' . . . This banquet seems to have been, in part, at least, a military affair. Antipas was toasting and feasting his chiliarchs. He was putting them in heart for the war into which his unnatural crime had plunged him. Their ivory couches rested upon tesselated floor of banquet-hall in the marble palace, within the impregnable fortress of Machaerus. The tetrarch's courriers had brought in haste from every quarter the daintiest vianda of fish, flesh and fowl, while wine filled golden goblets to their brim, and the air was scented with jet and spray of perfume. . . . Herodias was in her boudoir. Ambition was her ruling vice. She had discarded her rightful husband, father of her beautiful daughter, because, forsooth, he had no title. She married one who already sustained the relation of uncle and brother-in-law to her, and in doing so displaced a loyal wife from her husband's side. . . . At length, Herodias had a title and numerous palaces and fawning courtiers, but she had also a Nemesis, whose imperious, 'It is not lawful,' neither threat nor cajolery nor bribe could silence. Her strait was desperate. The uncompromising preacher of righteousness was making progress with her paramour. If he converted him she would be discarded and all lost. She had secured the Baptist's imprisonment. But locks and bars seemed no restraint to his subtle influence, while his dungeon walls seemed to echo his 'It is not lawful!' with ever louder detonations. . . . The desperate and wicked woman baited her hook with her daughter's modesty, and went angling in the pool of drunken revelry. When Antipas found himself caught, he lacked moral courage to snap the hook. He feared to vex Herodias, and had superstitious scruples about breaking his oath. He doubted the effect of his vacillation upon the courtiers and chiliarchs whom he was seeking by this very banquet to attach more closely to himself. On the other hand, he was apprehensive of the effect on the people of the murder of a man who stood so high in their regard. With the infamous choice of this hour he began the descent which terminated in disgrace, exile, death. . . . A moment later, Salome, a paragon of voluptuous beauty, flushed with her lascivious dance, carries, with an inhumanly steady hand, a golden platter from the banquet-table, on which rests the ghastly head of the martyr. A choice dish that for Herodias! It was her share of the banquet.

### THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

A character in which there is no balance-wheel of principle is despicable. When such a one reaches a position of power it is a public calamity. 'As a roaring lion and a raging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.' . . . Some who would be lavish in their upbraiding of a social outcast are singularly mute before sin while it is still shrined in wealth, luxury and power. John Baptist was not of that order. . . . No station in life is so lofty as to lift its occupant above the reach of the pains and penalties of sin. They can pass even palace doors and fall with their full weight upon kings' heart. . . . It is a fearful thing to deliberately cherish hatred and revenge in the heart. It is the seed of murder, and is sure to bear its crimson fruit. . . . For his oath's sake. A poor woman of my city said to me last winter that there came a day when they had not a scrap to put upon the table. She put her shawl on, and went down to the corner saloon, and stated the fact to the saloon-keper, reminding him, in addition, that her husband had spent a good deal of money at his bar. He professed to be sorry for her, but said he had promised not to aid anybody, and, therefore, could not help her. Surprising how tenacious some men are of their oaths and promises when it suits their convenience! That proverb has no weight with them, 'A bad promise is better broken than kept.' . . . This was that Herod, who in mockery, clothed Jesus in royal robes, and sent him back to Pilate. . . . Out of the corrupt court of Herod Antipas, Manahem, his foster-brother, and Chusa, his major domo, rose to discipleship with Jesus. Nothing prevented Herod himself from rising but his love for self and sin. . . . 'Whom I beheaded:' No need of the Baptist now! Conscience performed the office of ten thousand accusers. . . . That the way of the transgressor is hard never had more apt illustration than in the case of Herod and Herodias. The inordinately ambitious woman induced her husband to go to Rome, and enter his claim to the title of king. But he lost even what he had, and both perished miserably in exile.

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 20.—Topic—Lessons from the lives of Elijah and John the Baptist. Luke i., 14-17; I. Kings xviii., 30-39. (A temperance topic).

## Junior C. E. Topic.

### A FATHER'S LOVE.

Monday, May. 14.—A disloyal son. II Sam. xv., 1-6.

Tuesday, May 15.—Stealing a kingdom. II. Sam. xv., 7-14.

Wednesday, May 16.—Father and son at war.—II. Sam. xviii., 1-5.

Thursday, May 17.—Death of Absalom. II. Sam. xviii., 6-17.

Friday, May 18.—A father's grief. II. Sam. xviii., 33.

Saturday, May 19.—Fathers and children. Prov. xvii., 6.

Sunday, May 20.—Topic—A father's love. II. Sam. xviii., 5, 29-32.

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

## Springtime of the Soul.

The life of which spring is so full shows us something of the essential nature of all true life. The true life of man springs, like all life, from other life, born in the sacrifice of the life that goes before it. The plant bears its fruit and dies, and every loving mother gives her youth and fresh beauty for her children. Yet in a sense this is a gain—a greater gain to the mother who gives than to the child who receives, her sacrifice really the opportunity which satisfies her heart. It is the glory of a plant to give itself to the blossoms of its crown; it is the glory of a mother to give herself to the daughters in whom her womanhood is renewed and redoubled. In the truest sense her life is not lost in its multiplied sacrifices. 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' It is in sacrifice that we enter into the true life. 'He that will save his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'—Selected.

The only preparation for the morrow is the right use of to-day. The stone in the hands of the builder must be put in its place and fitted to receive another. The morrow comes for naught, if to-day is not heeded. Neglect not the call that comes to thee this day, for such neglect is nothing else than boasting thyself of to-morrow.—G. Owen.

## Profit and Loss.

Every prudent person engaged in business keeps accounts, in order to know his profit and loss. This is what the clerks in the great counting-houses are so busy about every now and then with their great books; this is what the village storekeeper is sometimes doing, as he sits at his little desk at the end of the counter, when the store is closed for the evening, with his one small book open before him.

All traders, be they great or small, take account of profit and loss. They could not get on without it.

But you would probably not expect to find anything about profit and loss in the Bible. Yet so it is. There is one sentence there so solemn and searching that it ought to set every one thinking about profit and loss. It is this:—

'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

You may be no merchant, great or small, yet you are deeply concerned in this question. You have more at stake here than the richest merchant in the world has in all his great concerns. For this question is about your soul.

You have a soul, whether you care for it or not; a precious soul that will never die; a soul that will be happy or miserable for ever. You cannot get rid of it. A soul you have, and a soul you must have for ever.

Yet, strange to say, you may lose your soul. You cannot get rid of it, and yet you may lose it. This seems a contradiction, but it is true. Thousands will prove to have lost their souls. They are losing them day by day. Almost all they do makes loss the more sure, and their whole course of life seems to have this object.

This word 'lose,' when used about the soul, means something different from what it does about other things. We all know what losing a horse, or a sheep, or a piece of money, means; we part with it, we cannot keep it, we cannot find it; we do not know what has become of it, it is gone.

But losing the soul is a different thing; it is not gone; we have it still, but only to make us miserable; it is ruined and undone for ever; it can never be happy again.

What are you doing with your soul? Are you losing it? And if so, for what? Is there any gain so great, any sin so sweet, as to make it worth while to lose the soul?

The verse I have mentioned gives an answer to the question; it is, indeed, a question itself, but such a question as wants no answer.

'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

What indeed? What can make up for such a loss?—'Everybody's Magazine.'

# Temperance

## A Jug of Beer.

(R. W. R. Rentoul, in 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

A ragged girl passed down the street,
To fetch a jug of beer:
The angels wept to see her feet
Bare in the bitter slush and sleet,
And the face, that should have been so sweet,
Stained with a dawning leer.

No roses fresh were on her cheek;
No bright eyes sparkled clear;
No modest maiden, coy and meek,
Was she. Shame was not far to seek;
And her skin was pale green, like a leek,
Or like the froth of beer.

At her age, oh, how innocent
And shy she should have been!
But, by a drinking father sent,
With dull obedience forth she went,
Robbed of all finer sentiment,
She, death, and what between?

Her pinched cheeks, stained and pale, were cold;
Her hands were thin and blue;
While her famished body showed its mould
Of bone and skin to the biting cold,
And through her garments, worn and old,
To every passer's view.

And, oh, the wretched heart within
(A heart brought up on beer
And its surroundings!) knew but sin,
And the houses where they sold the gin;
And was never tutored how to win
High Heaven, or virtue here.

No love! ah, what a home was that!
How dark and desolate!
Her feet in slush went pit-a-pat,
And on her tangled hair no hat;
For her wretched life touched only what
No pen can fully state.

Then in she went, and out she came,
And in her pinched blue hand
A jug of foaming beer—a shame
(And tell me who should bear the blame?)
To have a place and power name
Within a Christian land!

The jug she lifted to starved lips
(She did the same each morn),
And took, oh, only a few sips—
This is how Heaven is in eclipse;
This is the way a girl's soul slips
Below her own girl-scorn.

This is the way the trade in drink
Flourishes and is strong;
As Governments sleep on, or wink,
The wretched millions sink and sink,
Down nearer the abyssmal brink
Of everlasting wrong.

'Gilded saloons,' 'Gin palaces,'
Whose wealth can scarce be told!
The brewers in their lives of ease,
Their children gay by means like these;
Millions of people starved to please
The cursed thirst for gold!

And homes are vestibules of hell,
And wives and children die;
In rags and misery they dwell,
And their woes a nation's doom foretell;
While their famished bodies go to swell
The hosts in graves that lie.

God of salvation, hear our prayers,—
O, save our land from drink,
This fiend has crept in unawares
Until who cares? alas! who cares
How many lives are in the snares
And to perdition sink?

O Holy One, Thy Church awake
To war against this hell.
For pity's sake, for Jesus' sake,
This foul, accursed system take
And overthrow; our fetters break,
Break drink's alluring spell.

So let Thy people wake, and rise
With one great impulse all,
And self-indulgence sacrifice,
And count the cost, and pay the price
To save the land, in drink that dies,
From drink's enslaving thrall.

## A Temperance Lecture.

It is only in the report of Dr. Sceleth, the Bridewell, London, house physician, but it is so tremendous on this subject that I quote it nearly in full:

'During my three years' experience here, there have been only eight men returned with delirium tremens who have been previously treated in our hospital for the same complaint. The number of people that die of alcoholism outside our institution is greater than the public suppose.

'Alcohol is not a food, or beverage, but a medical remedy, and should be used as such under a physician's direction.

'Sixty per cent. of the drinkers are "social drinkers" who have no particular craving for alcohol, and who will not take a drink, when alone, once in a month, but on account of their surroundings and friends have developed a habit of taking two or more drinks a day; the other forty per cent. drink because they like it and try to make it replace water and food, and they are on a straight downhill road for delirium tremens with all its fatal complications.

'If the "social drinkers" could see one of the hundreds of autopsies held on persons who have died of alcoholism—see the congested brain, the inflamed and bleeding stomach of gastric catarrh; the heart, liver, and kidneys, undergoing fatty degeneration, where the once firm tissues are now soft and flabby, and the secondary changes of cirrhosis (an increase of the connective tissue of an organ) which replaces the vital cells necessary for their proper functions; the changes in the walls of the arteries, and of the nerves and spinal cord,—they would be satisfied with pure water for the rest of their lives.

'Alcohol, direct and indirect, is responsible for the commitment of 76 per cent. of the prisoners we receive at the House of Correction. By intemperance, I believe that the average life of our race would be increased fifteen to twenty years.

'If the advice of one who has seen these unfortunates die raving maniacs, with their horrible delusions, who has followed them to the morgue and performed "posts" on them, and seen the degenerated changes in their vital organs, is worth taking, my advice, summed up in three words, would be: "Leave alcohol alone." '—E. T .M., in the 'Advance.'

## A Hint For Boys.

That the cigarette is a deadly poison may be scientifically proved. A few months ago, says a physician, I had all the nicotine removed from one cigarette, making a solution of it. In injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost immediately. The other half was administered to another frog, with like effect. Both frogs were full-grown and of average size. The conclusion is evident, that a single cigarette contains enough poison to kill two frogs. A boy who smokes twenty cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill him? It does kill him. If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of some malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as the natural result of chronic nicotine poisoning.—'League Journal.'

## Special Notice.

When ordering Maple Leaf Emblems, if you are already receiving in your homes one or both of the two papers we offer, we shall be pleased to send the free trial subscriptions to either paper to any address you select in the Dominion. This is a good chance to interest your friends in what interests you.

## The Worst of Bargains.

I asked a bright, intelligent man one night —'Why are you not a Christian?'

He replied—'I am deeply moved, and I would like to become a Christian.'

'Then why not become one to-night?'

'My business forbids me,' he said. 'I would have to give up my position to-night if I became a Christian. I am a salesman in a saloon.'

'Will you please tell me how much a week you get for tending the bar?'

If I remember correctly it was twenty-four shillings. And that man was selling his soul for twenty-four shillings!—'League Journal.'

Cowper: A brave man knows no malice, but forgets in peace the injuries of war and gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.

## Simply Turning Down a Glass

A clergyman was once invited to the birthday dinner of one of his parishioneers. As he seated himself at the dinner table, and saw the beautiful old lady wearing her eighty years as a crown, surrounded by her children and her children's children, there seemed not a discordant note in the song of harmony. When the waiter began to pass the champagne, he thought shall I decline, but before his plate was reached he had decided to adhere to his usual custom, and quietly turned down his glass, too busily absorbed in conversation to observe that two others around the festal board did the same thing. A few hours later he found himself in the drawing-room in conversation alone with the widowed daughter of the household. She said to him: 'I am going to take the liberty of commending you for refusing the wine at dinner; you did not know that the sharp eyes of that young lad just opposite you were watching you most closely.'

He told her of his hesitation, and said: 'I thought, does not this seem churlish; I am invited here to honor a dear old lady, shall I not be considered very rude to refuse to drink her health, but I am so glad if my determination to abide by my general habit helped you; tell me about it.'

She said: 'In a few weeks my son starts to college. We have been discussing whether he shall be a moderate temperance man or a total abstainer while there. He has about decided to be the latter, but if you had proved yourself the former I know that arguments of many months would have been swept away at one stroke. I cannot tell you how much I thank you.'

The minister says that when he went home that night he kneeled down and thanked God for helping him to cast his influence on the side of right, and to help a young boy to do the same.—'Canadian Churchman.'

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Mother.

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear.
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,
Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near,
And yet you always went your way with song.
Oh, prodigal of smiles for other eyes,
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
And now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh. Would God I had said more!

—'British Weekly.'

## One Way.

'How soon a smile of God can change the world,' she read.

'Ah, yes! but when God's face is turned away, how dark and cold it grows,' she mused. 'How dreary and dark and cold! How can I bear to go on and live my desolate life, now that God's smile has ceased for me!'

But Elizabeth's was a brave spirit, and no one but herself knew these hours of terrible sadness and depression.

Her friends all said of her, 'How well she bears the changes and afflictions of the past year!' A year which had taken from her those whom she loved most in all the world.

But she had not shut herself up, she had not talked overmuch about her griefs, and her serious face had always brightened at the sight of a friend, while her interest in the interests of others she had never allowed to flag.

There were some who said openly that they could not understand her! Yet Elizabeth's standpoint was a very simple one.

'There are just two sorts of people in the world, the saddeners and the gladdeners,' she had said to herself during the first dark days. 'I don't know yet whether I can help to gladden others who are in sorrow, but I do know that I will not sadden any one, and so add to the weight of another's already heavy burden.

'It seems to me that the only right way of living in this sad old world is to help others all one can, and never hinder. And when one is no longer happy, then one must try to make other people happy, just because one is still alive.

'What a very little thing will give joy to a child. So I will try to make the children about me happy as long as I live. And what a very little act of kindness, thoughtfulness or courtesy will bring a glad smile to some poor creature's face. I will try to call up such smiles as often as I can. So many little pleasant, friendly things can be done for others every day—if one only thinks of doing them. And if every one of us tried to help along the sunshine instead of the shadows, how much brighter and better the world would be. For happiness is what every one craves, and most of us lack. It will never be mine again, but at best I will try to give a little of it to others whenever I possibly can!'

So the days and months had passed slowly on, until at last Elizabeth found God's smile again. For by thinking constantly of others, this 'sad old world' came to be again a pleasant place to dwell in. And in constantly trying to give happiness to those about her, she found it also for herself, until she realized that thus, though in a new, un-looked for way, a 'smile of God' had 'changed the world' for her.—New York 'Observer.'


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## Care of the Sewing Machine.

As a rule, a sewing machine used by a family is neglected. Most women seem to expect it to be always ready for business whatever care is given, and if it fails to come up to expectations, the fault is attributed to the machine without hesitation. When found with dressmakers and tailors, we believe the sewing machine receives more attention and better care, though here it is not always given proper care.

In one instance a dressmaker using but one machine and employing two girls as assistants, oils her machine but once a week, and never unbands it. It is needless to say that a new sewing machine in her hands is worn out in a very short time.

Directions for use and care accompany each machine purchased, but there are a few general directions which may apply to any and all machines. For every ten hours' use the sewing machine should be oiled thoroughly and all surplus oil carefully cleaned away. The machine when not in use should be unbanded and the foot lifted from the feed. It should be run steadily—never started or stopped with a jerk.

Care should be used in regard to the breaking of needles. One dealer claims that nothing contributes so readily to throw a machine out of order as this. Anything that may give the machine a shock should be avoided. Should poor oil be used and the works become gummed in consequence, a thorough oiling with kerosene occasionally, and afterwards wiped clean and oiled with the best sperm oil, will be found very effective and save many dollars.

Any woman of ordinary intelligence may learn to clean the works of her sewing machine and keep it in good running order. She should learn it thoroughly and understand the use of the attachments. She should learn the use of the attachments. She should know how to lengthen and shorten the stitch, loosen and tighten the tension, both upper and lower, adjust the feed and presser foot, and every other part of the machine that will require attention.—The 'Household.'


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The offer is no money making scheme. The flags are of the best quality, and while the hope is to cover expenses, the intention is to stimulate patriotism.

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This offer is made specially for Schools, public or private, but Sunday Schools, Clubs, Societies or Communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known. Good until next Dominion Day, July 1, 1906.

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